

Murder Rap

Meyhem Lauren & DJ Muggs

(I'm gonna kill every one of you)

Verse 1:

This nigga MeyLo said fuck a J.O
My people playing Halo while they bagging up the Yayo
We still reckless, stones on my left fist
King fish for breakfast, fam you can check this
I do this, for niggas up top that you forgot
Hand to hand kingpins that have a 7 figure spot
My niggas movin' raw in the Gucci store
My life is like a motherfuckin' social tour
Keep livin' Lord, keep winnin' Lord
Every day is motherfuckin' Thanksgiving Lord
Uh, move illegal, lookin' regal
My desert eagle same colour as Beanie Sigel
Black Buick Regal got turned to a 'Lac
Turned the 'Lac to a Lexus and that's a motherfuckin' fact
I'm 'bout to turn the Lex to something topless
Maybe a drop 6, doggie I got this
Crime related, niggas hate it like I made it
Factual thought can't get debated
Broke walls when I concentrated
It's like the cop was raided
Actually opposite, I try to keep the block inflated
Flooded like a Jacob Jesus, still rockin' pieces
Mainly my silks, but got a couple snow beaches
My cash right, my stash right
My fast life, looking like a flashlight
Peace to cocaine kingpins covered in Rayon
That beat trial, hop in they whip and throw Mey on
I spend racks on reptiles to cover my toes
So imagine what I drop just to smother my foes
Uh, move that flick, bag that lai
Shorty thought I was Maurice Dubois

(I'm gonna kill every one of you)

(Now this is the way the plan'll work. This time, make sure they're all dead before you leave.)

(I'm gonna kill every one of you)

Verse 2:

We known for ridin', you known for hidin'
We raw supplyin', You law abiding
We law defying
Switch different frames, Cartier window panes
I'm only stuntin', but I'm frontin' like my vision strains
Same links, different chains all that I rock
Mey lookin' like the Phantom with the Glock in the drop
Use caution with extortion if you ever try to tax me
I'll invite your family to orally relax me
You could get slumped in the dump
By a suspect who's outfit is functional art, uh
Stacking bottles like we homeless
Welcome back to New York, my niggas own this
The rainfall make the ??? sippin' in hindsight
Dwellin' on mistakes of the past, gettin' my mind right
People twice my age call me Big Homie
If you gotta ask why, you don't know me

(I'm gonna kill every one of you)
(This time, make sure they're all dead before you leave.)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>